

## Wrong Of Passage

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# Wrong Of Passage

by [KB9VCN](#)

## Notes

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For the [31\\_days](#) "[surely you will let me see the place where my heart still stays!](#)" prompt.

This contains a bit of slapstick violence, some peril, and mild adult humor. Reader discretion is advised.

The Scarlet Devil Mansion library was largely contained in the basement of the main building, but it was somehow quite a bit larger than the actual basement floor space. It took more time than might have been expected for Koakuma to bring a morning tea service to her mistress' reading desk.

Patchouli looked up from her book when she noticed the clinking of the cups and saucers. "Ah. Thank you, dear," she said to Koakuma as she took off her reading glasses.

Koakuma was not as elegant or accomplished as Sakuya, but she still served the tea without spilling a drop. "It's a lovely day today," she said as she opened a package of digestive biscuits.

"So it is," Patchouli said. "It's a shame it won't last."

"Mmm," Koakuma said. "When are we expecting her?"

Instead of answering directly, Patchouli counted down. "Five... four... three... two... one—"

Marisa walked up to them from around the nearest bookcase. "Sup nerds," she said cheerfully.

"Why can't you come in through the front entrance like Alice, or servants from Eientei, or any civilized person?" a pained Patchouli asked.

"Duh! If I come in through the front entrance, your guard will catch me and throw me out!" Marisa said. "C'mon, Patchy! Try to keep up!"

Without asking, Marisa grabbed Patchouli's tea service and shoved Patchouli's cookies into her mouth. "Oh, yuck!" she said, spraying crumbs onto the reading table. "Aintcha got anythin' besides digestive biscuits? Ooh, how about chunky chocolate chip cookies with orange zest?"

"I'm sure Sakuya has the recipe," Patchouli said thoughtfully while Koakuma conscientiously wiped up Marisa's crumbs. "I suppose I could ask Sakuya to bake some for us... oh, if only it weren't for one thing."

"Oh?" Marisa asked. "What's that?"

The asthmatic Patchouli took as deep a breath as she could, and then yelled at the top of her voice. "THIS!! IS NOT!! A DESSERT BAR!!"

"You got THAT right," Marisa said. "You might as well just eat a box of baking soda instead of THESE things." She drained Patchouli's tea cup in one gulp, and then wiped her mouth with the back of her sleeve. "An' you take yer tea too strong too."

Koakuma tried to talk Marisa down while Patchouli caught her breath. "She likes her tea strong," Koakuma said, "but if you would let us know when you're coming, I could brew a lighter blend for you."

"No you couldn't," Patchouli gasped. "I know you possess the technical ability to do so, but any effort to accommodate HER would NOT reflect well on YOU at your next annual performance review."

"Duly noted," Koakuma said nervously.

"Don't sweat it, 'wings'." Marisa reached out and gave Koakuma a head-pat. "I 'preciate the thought. An' thanks for what I just had."

The mild-mannered Koakuma was utterly unable to resist Marisa's charisma. "You're welcome," she said softly as she blushed lightly.

Patchouli face-palmed. "Do you have any business here, Marisa? I mean, besides stealing my tea and cookies and seducing my staff."

"Actually, yeah, I do." Marisa suddenly became serious. "I just saw a weird animal, and I wanna look it up in yer zoography section."

"Oh?" a curious Patchouli asked. "Are you sure it wasn't a lesser *youkai*, or just an illusion? What did it look like?"

"A pink and purple platypus," Marisa said with a straight face.

"...a pink. And purple. Platypus," Patchouli repeated dumbly.

"Yep," said Marisa.

"WHERE did you see THAT!?" Patchouli asked incredulously.

"I'm lookin' at it right now," Marisa said with an extra-smug smile.

The library fell silent. Patchouli began to tremble with the effort to restrain herself. Koakuma hugged herself and whimpered.

But then, Patchouli face-desked and *mukyu*-ed. "Just GO AWAY," she said into her desk. "PLEASE. I'm BEGGING you. For the SWEET LOVE of ALL that is GOOD and PURE. GO AWAY."

"Well, goodness," Marisa said smugly without actually taking any offense at all. "If yer gonna be like THAT, I guess I'll just go away."

As she walked away, she noticed one bookcase seemed to be askew. "Hey Patchy!" she yelled. "You might wanna have someone look at this bookcase! It don't look square!"

"DON'T TOUCH IT!!" Patchouli shouted back.

Marisa touched it. "That's weird," she said mostly to herself as she jiggled it gently. "It kinda feels like a door that don't fit its frame."

"What part of DON'T TOUCH IT didn't you understand!?" Patchouli shouted back.

Ignoring her, Marisa began to work on a hunch. She pulled one shelf forward like a handle, and the entire case swung forward slightly, as if she were opening a large heavy door.

Patchouli floated up. "For pity's sake, Marisa!" she said. "Did you break my library!?"

"No, but I found one of yer secret passages," Marisa said as she opened the doorway fully. "But I guess it ain't a secret anymore."

Patchouli floated up next to Marisa. "Oh my!" she said. "\*I\* didn't know this passage was here!"

"Really? I shouldn't have told ya about it," Marisa said. "I could've used it to sneak in past you."

"I doubt that," Patchouli said thoughtfully. "You're probably aware that the entire mansion, and the library in particular, are partially constructed with some powerful sorcery?"

"I figured your maid pulled some tricks to help you cram all these books in this basement," Marisa said.

"Well, the foundation is stable, and has been for years, but a few cracks in the metaphysical masonry are inevitable. And with all of the other random magicks about the place, including yours and mine... well, this passage probably didn't even exist until— MARISA!? COME BACK HERE!!"

Marisa had already entered the passage. "Why?" she called back. "We've got a soopah sekret passage to explore."

"But it formed auto-magically without any guidance," Patchouli said. "It could LITERALLY lead ANYWHERE."

"That's exactly why it needs to be explored!" Marisa explained impatiently.

"Are you even listening to me!?" Patchouli snapped. "It could lead to HELL!!"

"If it does," Marisa said, "then we can buy matching T-shirts from Hecatia. C'mon, Patchy! Live a little!"

Patchouli sighed. "Well, a quick reconnaissance shouldn't hurt anything," she said as she floated behind the case. "Koakuma? We should be only a few minutes. Please keep an eye on things—"

Marisa interrupted her. "An' get someone on those chunky chocolate chip cookies with orange zest, would ya!?"

Patchouli slowly turned to glare at Marisa.

"What?" Marisa said innocently.

"...never mind," Patchouli said. "Let's get this over with and see where this leads."

"It sure is decorated nice for a trans-dimensional fault," Marisa said as she looked at the windowless candle-lit paneled walls and richly carpeted floor. "It looks just like a random mansion hallway."

"That's exactly what it is," Patchouli said. "The mansion isn't exactly sentient, but its sorcery would have used its existing hallways as a template."

They walked to the end of the dimly-lit corridor to find a heavy wooden rung ladder built into the far wall. "Aw, is this all there is?" a disappointed Marisa said. "We didn't even go twenty meters."

"Given how short it was, we're probably still in Gensokyo," Patchouli said. "Still, that ladder could lead anywhere... Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Ladies first?" Marisa said nervously.

"There aren't any ladies here, myself included," Patchouli said. "Don't tell me you're getting cold feet already?"

"As if!" At Patchouli's challenge, Marisa practically flew up the ladder. "Hmm. This looks like a vertical panel, but there's no handle or latch... oh, but the panel feels loose. Maybe I can just push it to one side and slide it open."

"Be careful." Patchouli peeked up past Marisa, her own curiosity getting the better of her. "What do you see?"

Marisa looked up and saw an infrared heating element, looked to one side and saw a quilted blanket, and realized that she was under a *kotatsu*. And then, she realized that the *kotatsu* was in use.

"Well?" Patchouli asked again. "Where are you?"

"Between a woman's legs," Marisa said bluntly.

"Oh GOOD GRIEF!" Patchouli said. "Can't you go for FIVE MINUTES without effortlessly seducing someone? Who is it, anyway?"

Marisa crawled up the woman's legs, poked her head out from under the blanket, and found herself in Kaguya's lap at Eientei.

Kaguya, having already frozen in shock, slowly looked down at Marisa's face. She dropped her game controller, ignoring that Marisa had just cost her the current level of the game she had been playing.

"Sup nerd," Marisa said with a shameless grin.

Forgetting her own formidable powers, Kaguya screamed like a sheltered princess. **"HELP ME EIRIN™!!"**

Marisa beat a hasty retreat, replaced the floor panel under Kaguya's *kotatsu* and above the ladder, and then slid down the ladder like a fireman on a pole. She turned to face Patchouli, revealing bare foot-shaped red slap marks on her face where Kaguya had instinctively kicked her away.

"Are you alright?" Patchouli said.

"Yep," Marisa said with a grin. "I guess you could say I 'got cold feet' after all."

Patchouli groaned. "Well, let's head back to the library, and you can wash up before..." Patchouli trailed off as they returned to the 'near' end of the hallway— and found that the doorway had disappeared to be magically paneled over.

"This is bad, ain't it?" Marisa said nervously.

Instead of answering her, Patchouli flew for the other end of the hallway. When Marisa caught up with her, she saw that the ladder and vertical panel were also gone.

Patchouli stared at the wall where the ladder used to be... and then, she hung her head. "Well, that's THAT," she said quietly.

"If we pound on the walls," Marisa asked, "could 'wings' or the princess hear us?"

"I rather doubt it," Patchouli said, "since this hallway has obviously just broken free from Gensokyo and drifted away in ten-dimensional space-time."

"What are we gonna do!?" Marisa cried.

"I'm afraid that trans-dimensional metaphysics isn't my forte," Patchouli said, "but the space-time of this hallway should be fully charged with the sorcery of the mansion. It should remain stable for several thousand years, and even its air pressure and room temperature should be preserved."

"There's a 'but', ain't there," Marisa guessed.

"But that doesn't really matter," Patchouli said, "since we don't have food or water... and since we'll suffocate in a few hours."

"No hope?" Marisa asked.

Patchouli shook her head grimly.

"Welp, like you said, that's that." Marisa sat down with her back against one wall, and then held out an arm. "C'mere, Patchy."

"THIS is hardly the time for THAT," Patchouli growled.

"Not THAT," Marisa said. "If we got only a few hours left, we got way less than that before we actually start to suffocate... and every minute counts. An' I don't know about YOU, but \*I\* don't wanna die alone."

"Oh. Well, um..." Patchouli sat next to Marisa and accepted her hug.

"I'm sorry, Patchy," said Marisa. "This is all my fault. I know yer way older than I am, and I feel bad for ending your career like this."

"I should have been more careful as well," Patchouli said. "But what's done is done."

"Scared?" Marisa asked.

"Of course," Patchouli said. "Suffocation is not the worst death, but it is slow and rather unpleasant."

"Wanna 'sign out' before it starts to get bad?" Marisa asked.

"Well, there's no need to take our own lives," Patchouli said thoughtfully. "We can just cast sleep spells on each other when we start to get dizzy."

"Deal," Marisa said. "Y'know, I didn't get to live nearly as long as you, but I had fun. An' you helped make it fun, Patchy. Thanks for everything."

"You are incredibly irritating," Patchouli said, "but I am not the most sociable person myself. You and Remilia are the only two people who were determined to be... to be my friend. I appreciate that."

"I always meant to ask why you an' Remilia are so tight," Marisa asked.

"I'm afraid that secret will die with me," Patchouli said enigmatically.

"Aw, yer no fun." Marisa gave Patchouli a head-pat over her soft bedcap.

After a moment, Patchouli cleared her throat. "*ahem*\* Marisa?"

"Sup," Marisa said.

"Could you, um, keep doing that?" Patchouli asked awkwardly.

"Well, sure." Marisa gave her more head-pats. Patchouli rested her head against Marisa's shoulder and closed her eyes.

After another moment, Patchouli spoke up again. "Marisa? It would also be nice if you held my hand, if you don't mind?"

"You got it." Marisa reached around herself with her free hand and took Patchouli's hand, and then closed her own eyes.

And after another moment, Patchouli interrupted the silence once again. "Marisa?"

"Mmm?" Marisa asked.

"Do you hear crunching noises?" Patchouli asked.



They both opened their eyes, peered into the relative darkness of their trans-dimensional prison... and found Yukari leaning out of a gap at floor level and looking back at them while stuffing her face from a carton of popcorn.

"Go on," Yukari said.

"Yukari, you pervMMMMPH!!" Marisa started to say.

"You PERFECTly WONDERFUL person!" Patchouli said, cutting Marisa off with her free hand. "How did you find us?"

"Come now," Yukari said smugly. "Do you really think \*I\* wouldn't notice a big ol' chunk of stable space-time like this had come free from Gensokyo, and floated right through my gaps in the process?"

"Yes," Marisa said bluntly.

"Marisa, you really, REALLY need to learn how to be nice to people about to save you from certain death," Patchouli said sternly.

"She's right, you know," Yukari said.

—

Yukari's gaps were almost silent, but the library was even more still and silent, and so Koakuma looked up in surprise when Yukari opened a gap next to Patchouli's reading desk.

"Aw, STILL no cookies?" Marisa asked as she stepped out of the gap. "Hey Yukari, can I have some popcorn?"

"No," Yukari said. "But I do have two things to say to the two of you."

And then, Yukari suddenly reached out with both arms and cracked Marisa's and Patchouli's skulls together. "OUCH!!" said Marisa and Patchouli.

"THAT is for mucking about in trans-dimensional space-time without adult supervision," Yukari said sternly. "Next time, ASK me before you do something that stupid, and then DON'T do it anyway!"

Marisa rubbed the side of her poor head. "Yes, 'Mother'," she grumbled. "What was the second thing?"

Yukari leaned forward with both arms open again— and pulled Marisa and Patchouli into a fierce hug that would have done Meiling proud. "I'm so glad you're both alright," she said. "Seriously, please do be more careful. Gensokyo would be a less interesting place without either of you."

"Um, alright," Marisa said. "And, um, thanks."

"Thank you, Yukari Yakumo," Patchouli said more formally.

Yukari opened a gap, began to disappear, and then handed two cartons of popcorn to Marisa and Patchouli.

"Wha—?" a surprised Marisa said. "I thought you said 'no'!"

"I tell lies," Yukari said with a wink as she disappeared.

"It sure is nice to be back," Marisa said around a mouthful of popcorn. "I thought I'd never see the library again."

Patchouli returned to her reading desk, generously offering her popcorn to Koakuma as she sat down. "That WAS quite a little adventure," she said. "Not to be rude, but could you take your leave now? I am VERY tired."

"Aw, c'mon," Marisa said as she sat on the corner of the reading desk and gave Patchouli a big friendly smile. "Why don't we pick up where we left off, an' get to know each other better? No teasing. I promise."

"GUARD!!" Patchouli shrieked.

"...or not," Marisa said weakly.

—

A few minutes later, Meiling dragged Marisa up to the mansion front gates by her collar.

"Careful, dude!" Marisa cried. "[I've got popcorn here!](#)"

Completely ignoring her, Meiling effortlessly tossed her through the gates while also [tossing her VERY high into the air](#).

"EE.....EE!!" said Marisa.

And then, she landed face-down several meters away from the gate, sadly spilling her popcorn on landing.

"Same time next week?" Meiling called out while clapping her hands as if to clean them.

Without otherwise moving, Marisa gave her a thumbs-up, and then passed out.

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